

Side Lights of New York's Chinatown

THE wide publication of the gruesome story of Elsie Sigel's death at the hands of a Chinese admirer has turned public attention to the Chinese colonies in some of the large cities and their queer scenes and characters.

Naturally the conditions revealed in the course of the investigations into the murder of Miss Sigel have aroused public sentiment against any associations between American young women and the Chinese in this country. One of the most experienced of the workers among the Chinese in New York, Miss Helen F. Clark, declares that the results of such associations are deplorable both for the American women and the Chinese men. She says:

"In 1892 I personally opened a mission to the Chinese in Chinatown, New York. At the outset I adopted two principles—man teachers for men, women teachers for women and the preaching of the gospel in the native language. I said to myself if I cannot maintain these principles in Chinese work I will shut my doors and go to a people among whom I can do a righteous and unimpeachable work.

"My mission was in two parts, one place for Chinese women and a separate location and work for Chinese men. My personal teaching was given first to the Chinese women and children, after that to the night school held during the week for Chinese men and boys. This school was organized on the basis of the public schools, with graded classes. Our pupils were all taught in classes. I was the principal of this school, and I paid young men missionaries to teach with me.

"At that time a strong protest was made in the public press against the system of women teachers, and my



CHUCK CONNORS AND HIS FRIENDS.

mission was used as a lash to goad the other schools. It brought down on me the animosity and hatred of the other schools, but it did not change the system, and for seventeen years more that unfortunate method has prevailed and its evils have accumulated. Life after life has been blasted and homes wrecked and libitum. And I know of what I am speaking. More than once this mission has sheltered some heartbroken woman, the dupe of an intermarriage or an alliance that was worse. My soul is sick with these things that have come to me year in and year out these seventeen years."

Of quite a different type from Miss Clark is another character of the Chinatown district in New York, George Connors, better known as "Chuck." He is sometimes said to be the original of E. W. Townsend's "Chimmie Fadden." Another novelist who was interested by Mr. Chuck Connors was Hall Caine, who did Chinatown with Chuck as his guide on his last visit to America.

"Chuck Connors' personality haunted me," said the author a few days later, "and again I returned to Chinatown to renew an acquaintance with one of the most original characters it has ever been my fortune to meet. We have nothing in England, not even the costermonger, to equal the type."

It has been said of Chuck that he is "unmistakably a tough, but evidently above his surroundings." Chuck has proudly worn the title of "mayor of Chinatown." It is on such an occasion as the Chuck Connors annual ball that he shines with special brilliancy. At such a function a few seasons ago the "mayor" was awaiting the arrival of members of the 400.

"I don't think de blokes in de glad rags will blow in till after de opry," he remarked as time passed and expected guests had not arrived.

The youth and beauty of lower Bowery and Chatham square were in full force. The first waltz, entitled "I'm

All Dressed Up Like a Horse," was danced with greatest gusto by 200 couples, the flower of the "mayor of Chinatown's" balliwick. In pleasing haste followed the lancers, "Say, I'm Goin' to Put My Feed Bag On," and the two step "De Gal Wit' de Sea Lion Feet" came quickly after. Chuck himself was a very busy man.

A "Seeing New York" coach stopped at the door of the hall at midnight, and all of the occupants went inside, making more work for Chuck.

"But I don't begrudge de time," said the promoter of festivity. "Dis is certainly de one night out of de three-sixty-five dat I live for. De boiled fronts will blow in. Wait for 'em. I've got deir money, and dey won't forfeit de gate receipts like dat."

New York's Summer Topics.

Things Are Going Some Despite Hot Weather.
The Committee of One Hundred.
Novel Features of the Woman
Suffrage Campaign.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.
[Our New York Correspondent.]

THE committee of one hundred which is formed for the purpose of doing by Tammany as Tammany has done by New York has organized, and the beautiful thing about its officers is that not one of them is a politician. They are business men, workingmen, decent citizens. That is hopeful. If the business men, workingmen and other decent citizens of all our municipalities would get together in real earnest the political boss would be out of a job.

The Hon. Jack Munroe, one time pugilist, but now mayor of Elk City, Ont., was recently in the city and called on our own mayor, giving that worthy such a grip that Mr. McClellan was forced to call for the help of a six foot four fireman standing near. Munroe has struck it rich in Canada



MAYOR GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN.

and is using his fortune in consoling himself that in a misguided moment he once tried to lick Jeffries. His course is respectfully commended to other ex-pugilists who imagine a vain thing and go on the stage. The vain thing they imagine, of course, is that they can act.

The suffragist movement in the metropolis has come to a fearful resolution. It is that its members will marry no man who is not in favor of votes for women. If that does not bring proud man to his knees, what will? Be it known that among the devotees of the cause in Gotham there are some most desirable girls. Beauty, culture and wealth are theirs, to say nothing of those other feminine charms that set every man daffy at least once in his life and have many of us on the verge of a brainstorm more times than we care to admit. Think what would happen if this cause were to spread throughout the country, gain a majority of the kind of girls a chap really wants and all of them should resolve to wed only those in favor of female suffrage! That would create either a riot or a revolution, perhaps both.

Since our suffragists went to the international convention of their order—or is it disorder?—in London there is more of the militant spirit observable in their meetings here. Is it possible that we are to have a visitation of the London suffragette dementia in New York, in which lovely woman will beat a drum, go to jail, fight with the police, tie herself to a post in public

places, roughhouse meetings, go up in a balloon and generally make herself a nuisance and riot producer merely for the purpose of showing that she knows enough to vote? Personally I am in favor of giving woman the ballot if she cannot get along without it. Let her have what she wants and go as far as she likes. If she really gets her head set in that direction she will have it anyway. But why should a few women make a holy show of themselves to get something that a majority of their sisters say they would not take as a gift? Let them convert their own sex. That is their real obstacle.

Our New York suffragettes are not going to jail in the heroic fashion of their English sisters, but they are making some noise for all that. The other day Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont handed them a check for ten thousand which ought to help some. Whether or not the woman of the metropolis ever gets to march to the ballot box and have her vote counted out by Tammany, she is showing her equality with mere man in other ways. She practices law, invades the stock market and hangs to a strap as valiantly as the most muscular male.

The recent sensational declaration of a New York minister that an actual examination of a large number of children in this city showed that 58 per cent of them drank some sort of alcoholic beverage has raised a storm of criticism on both sides of the question. However accurate are the reverend gentleman's figures, and it is to be feared that they are somewhat exaggerated, it is undeniable that there is an alarming increase in the drink evil among women and children. All through the shopping district and in other parts of the city as well as drinking parlors fitted up especially for women. The habitues of these places take their cocktails and whisky straight as regularly as men. These women belong to the best classes. In other words, they are "nice." They are wives, daughters, mothers, who have good homes, often women of wealth and culture, in every way respectable. Comment is unnecessary, but that temperance wave which has been sweeping over the rest of the country might find profitable employment by doing one or two sweeps in this city.

MRS. WOODILL'S SAD FATE.

Her Mysterious Death and Once Promising Career.

The remarkable circumstances under which the life of Mrs. Edith May Thompson Woodill was taken in a bungalow near St. Michaels, Md., makes the case memorable in the annals of crime. The fact that the dead woman was the ward of Lyman J. Gage of Los Angeles, formerly secretary of the treasury and a noted banker, lends special interest to the story of the murder. There is mystery regarding her parentage, but she was adopted by wealthy people and educated well. It was Mr. Gage who paid for her musical training, and she gave much promise as a singer. She once appeared at the White House before the late President McKinley. At the time of her death she was the wife of Gilbert Woodill of Los Angeles. A former New York broker, Robert Emmet Eastman, also known as Emmet M. Roberts, became infatuated with her, and one theory of the murder is that he slew her while she was repelling his advances. Her body was found in the Choptank river weighted down with metal and bricks, and Eastman committed suicide on being surrounded by a posse, leaving a note saying that the woman's life had been taken in the bungalow by another woman during a carousal. The police do not take much stock in this story, however.

Cruelties in Turkey.

A vivid picture of the cruelties that have recently been perpetrated upon the Christians of Turkey, principally Armenians, by their Moslem oppressors was presented in a description by Rev. Dr. Thomas D. Christie of Hartford, Conn., president of the St. Paul's Institute at Tarsus and father-in-law of the slain missionary, Rev. Daniel Minor Rogers. He wrote to friends as follows:

"We breakfast, dine and sup on horrors. I never could have believed men capable of such cruelties. As the train on which I was riding moved through the vineyards and gardens this side of Adana they reminded me of Shiloh, of Corinth, of Vicksburg, of Atlanta. Here were bodies lying where they had fallen. There was a heap of ten or twenty piled up like cordwood—I suppose in preparation for burial. In Adana carloads were being dumped into the river. In the long street leading up from the station I counted in the quarter of a mile I traversed over thirty bodies that had not yet been removed.

"There were two whole days of bitter street fighting, of massacre of the defenseless and of burnings. Our great, strong city of Adana now is a thing of the past."

Names Noted In Passing



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THE fact that Judge William J. Gaynor has been in the public eye quite a little of late in connection with protests against alleged abuses in New York has led some to infer that he had his eye on the mayoralty of the city, which is to be the subject of an important contest with the subject of an important contest with the subject of an important contest. But, though Judge Gaynor is much talked of for the honor, his friends assert that he is not the man to seek such a nomination, much less to advertise himself as a reformer for the sake of winning it. The Brooklyn jurist has been engaged in a controversy with Mayor McClellan and with the police department over the case of a boy named Duffy, who was repeatedly arrested, as the judge claims, without sufficient cause and whose picture was placed in the rogues' gallery, a proceeding which Judge Gaynor said contravened the law under the circumstances existing in this case. His censure of Commissioner Bingham of the police department in connection with this case was so strong General Bingham has brought suit for damages, alleging libel. The free spoken jurist recently handed down a decision respecting a case bearing on administration of the Sunday laws at Coney Island in which he said: "It is for those in chief rulership over the city first to set an example for all others by stopping the city's merry-go-rounds, swings, swan boats, etc., to which we take our children on Sunday, and then they will be in a position to stop others. If it be a criminal offense to run a merry-go-round at Rockaway Beach or Coney Island on Sunday it is the same criminal offense to run it in the city's parks or elsewhere, for the Sunday statutes make no distinction of place. It would be pitiful to see a great city in the hands of officials who could not see these things without being reminded of them."



GEORGE SARGENT ON THE LINKS.

holes been so low. The nearest approach to it was a year ago, when James Braid won at Prestwick with 291. In this country the best previous effort was Alexander Smith's 295 at Onwentsla in 1906. While the leaders played sound golf, it was plain to close observers that the baked condition of the course, permitting as it did an unusually long run to the ball, made the exceptionally low scoring possible. On the other hand, the sloping greens, which some of the "pros" called tricky, were responsible for

many blasted nopes.

As indicative of the class of the professional players in this tournament it may be mentioned that Walter J. Travis, one of the greatest amateur players in America, finished seventh in the list. He won \$28 in money, but, being an amateur, took plate to the value of his winnings.

Sargent becomes possessor of the championship cup, a gold medal and \$300.

MISS MAY HARRIMAN.

Daughter of Railroad Magnate and Her
Pet Charity.

Miss May Harriman, who has taken a Hudson river ferryboat and turned it into a man-o'-war to fight tuberculosis, is the eldest daughter of the noted railway magnate, Edward H. Harriman. The river craft which she has donated for use by those afflicted with tuberculosis was formerly in the service of the Erie railroad. Mr. Harriman is the potent factor in this road, and she has no doubt found it easy to obtain possession of the boat for the charitable purpose she had in mind. Mr. Harriman himself is now in Europe, seeking recuperation of his health. Miss May is a high spirited girl, very fond of horses and horseback riding and quite a chum of her father. She has presented the ferryboat to the Brooklyn committee on prevention of tuberculosis and the Brooklyn Red Cross society. It went into commission on July 1 as a part of the Red Cross navy.

Hammocks, steamer chairs and other conveniences for out-in-the-air sleeping have been arranged for the ac-



MISS MAY HARRIMAN AND THE RED CROSS FERRYBOAT FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

commodation of 300 men, women and children. Three meals a day will be served on the boat, and between meals the patients will get all the milk and eggs they are able to eat.

For the commissary department Miss Harriman will forage on her father's country place at Arden, where the milk is famous and the farm products the best that money can command. A free bus will be run to the boat from Brooklyn stations for those who cannot pay car fare.

It is the design to have the boat so anchored as to command the full benefit of the bay breezes, with a fine view of the entire waterscape in which the statue of Liberty is the central figure.

The boat will afford a day camp for sufferers who are not able to get out of town, and there will be started on it the first open air school for the children of Brooklyn who have been kept away from school during the term by reason of the disease. The Red Cross Christmas stamp committee of Brooklyn has raised \$4,000 to aid in Miss Harriman's generous purpose.

A new use has been found for a deep bass voice. In the little town of Goshen, which is not so far from Gotham but that we can hear a voice of the magnitude of this one, a fire was recently averted in the following stentorian manner. Edward Wood, possessor of the voice, is a railroad watchman in a high tower. One night, observing a blaze in a nearby lumber yard, he improvised a megaphone out of newspapers and woke the volunteer fire department, calling in turn each member's name, although some of them lived more than a mile away. Possessors of deep bass voices should take the hint and hire out as fire alarms.

In a last will filed for record in Chicago the other day to establish title to property of an estate in Chicago occurs this provision: "No part or parcel of this property shall be spent for dances or card parties, in games of chance or theater going." The will was written by a woman in Michigan whose husband formerly lived in Chicago. He was an exemplary churchman, and his widow desired to carry out his ideas as far as possible in the will. The document provides further that "a handsome headstone be put in place (over her grave), with proper lettering on the same, to be paid for out of my estate." The testatrix was buried in Hannaker, N. H., the town in